

1859

# Sea Shell

William Jarvis Wetmore

C.F. Wetmore

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.



TO  
Mrs. Isabella S. Chapman.

# Sea Shell

A  
Greek superstition

Poetry by

C. F. WETMORE

MUSIC BY

WM. J. WETMORE, M.D.



BOSTON

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# THE SEA SHELL.

W. J. WESTMORE, M.D.

Handwritten musical score for "The Sea Shell". The score is written on ten staves, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "The sea shell is a little thing, / But it has a voice that is so strong, / It tells us of the sea and its life, / And of the shells that are its pride. / The sea shell is a little thing, / But it has a voice that is so strong, / It tells us of the sea and its life, / And of the shells that are its pride. / The sea shell is a little thing, / But it has a voice that is so strong, / It tells us of the sea and its life, / And of the shells that are its pride." The score is written in a cursive hand, and the paper is aged and yellowed.



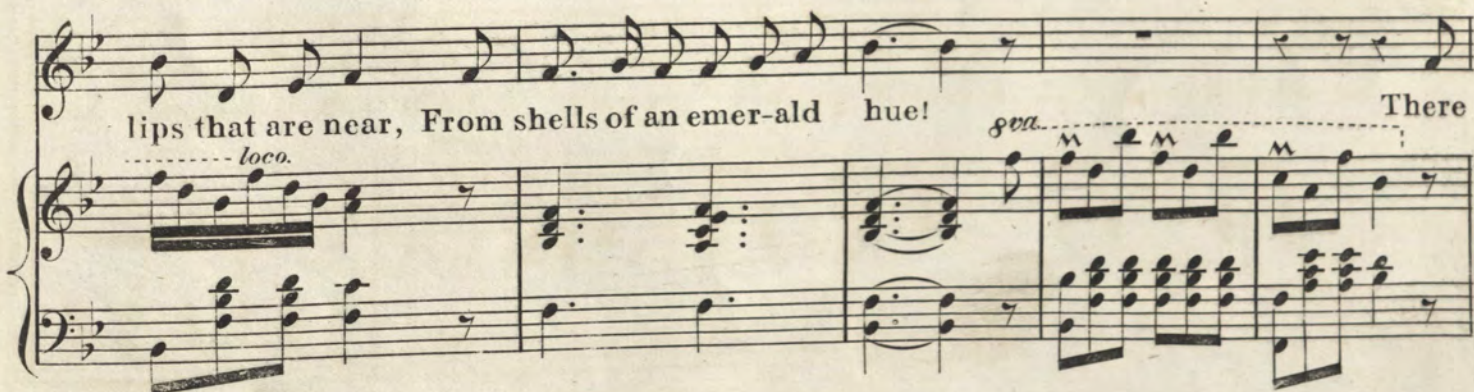
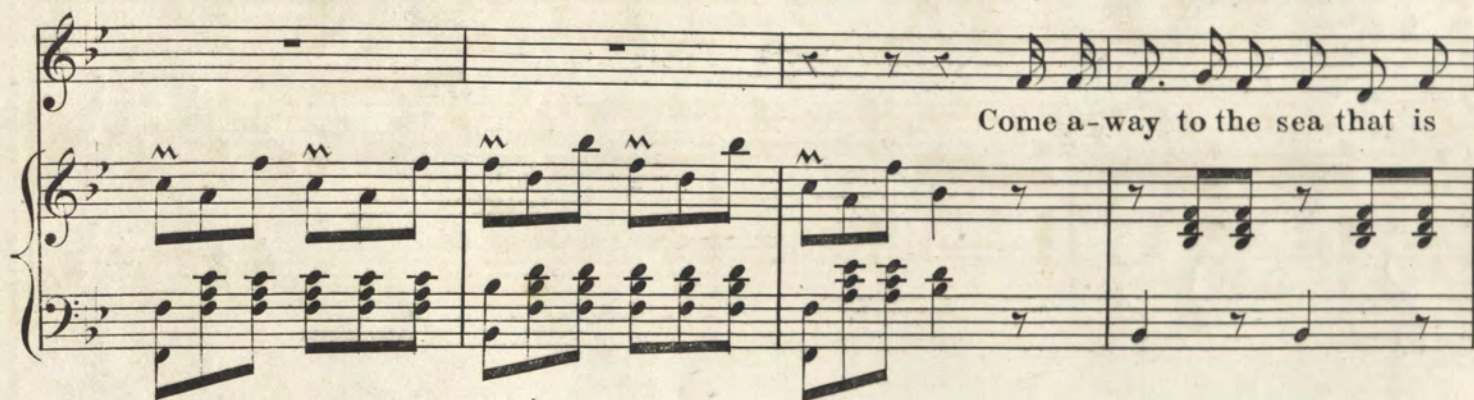
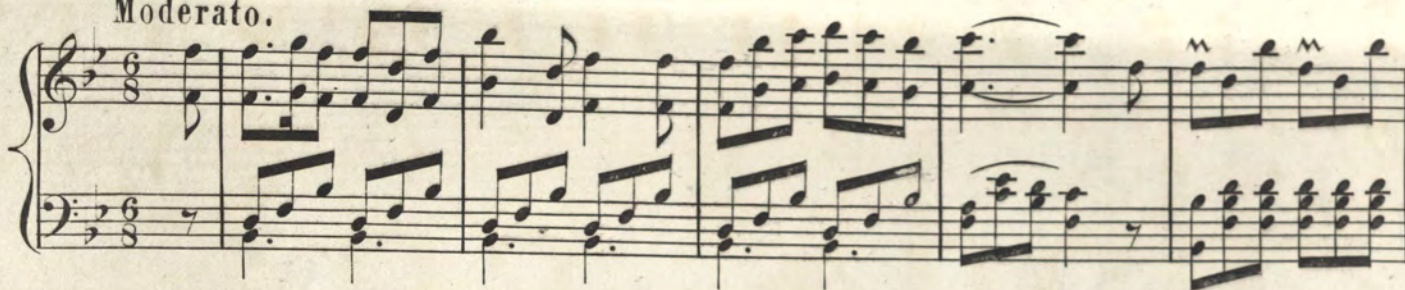
# THE SEA SHELL.

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W. J. WETMORE, M.D.

There is a superstition among the Greeks that the Deities live in shells on the shore of the Red Sea.

*Moderato.*





Fairies are sweep-ing their fanci-ful lyres, And dancing in deep coral caves, Till

Beauty re-lax-es the strength of the wires, A - way then they float o'er the waves, A -

3. There Beau-ty is weaving her way then they float o'er the waves! *gva.* 2. And the shore of the sea is *loco.*

el - o - quent wreaths, In shadows of love-lighted bow'rs;.... And o - ver each gar-land of vo-cal with song, With accents of mel-o-dy sweet, Until ech-o resumes his *gva.* *tr.*



am - a - ranth breathes, While Plea - sure is trip - ping on flow'rs.  
 shell to pro-long The mag-ic of mu-si-cal feet.

*loco.* *gr.*

Then a - way to the sea where the De - i - ties dwell, To the wave of ce - ru - le - an  
 There Cu - pid resides in his amorous shell, Whose lyre ne'er in Te - os was

*loco.* *f* *p*

blue,.... And list on the shore to the mel - lowest shell, Its song shall be mine, love, to  
 mute, Till hap - ly the god learn'd his witcheries well, The mag-ic of bow and of

you,.... Its song shall be mine, love, to you!....  
 lute,... The mag-ic of bow and of lute....

*gr.*



W. P. CAMPBELL

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